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# GLEANER

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## *New Year's Day*

*There once were times I celebrated  
the dawning of the years  
And with each I cradled song and resolution.*

*Those are gone times. Now I celebrate  
the passing of the years  
And with each I tumble in dissonance and apology.*

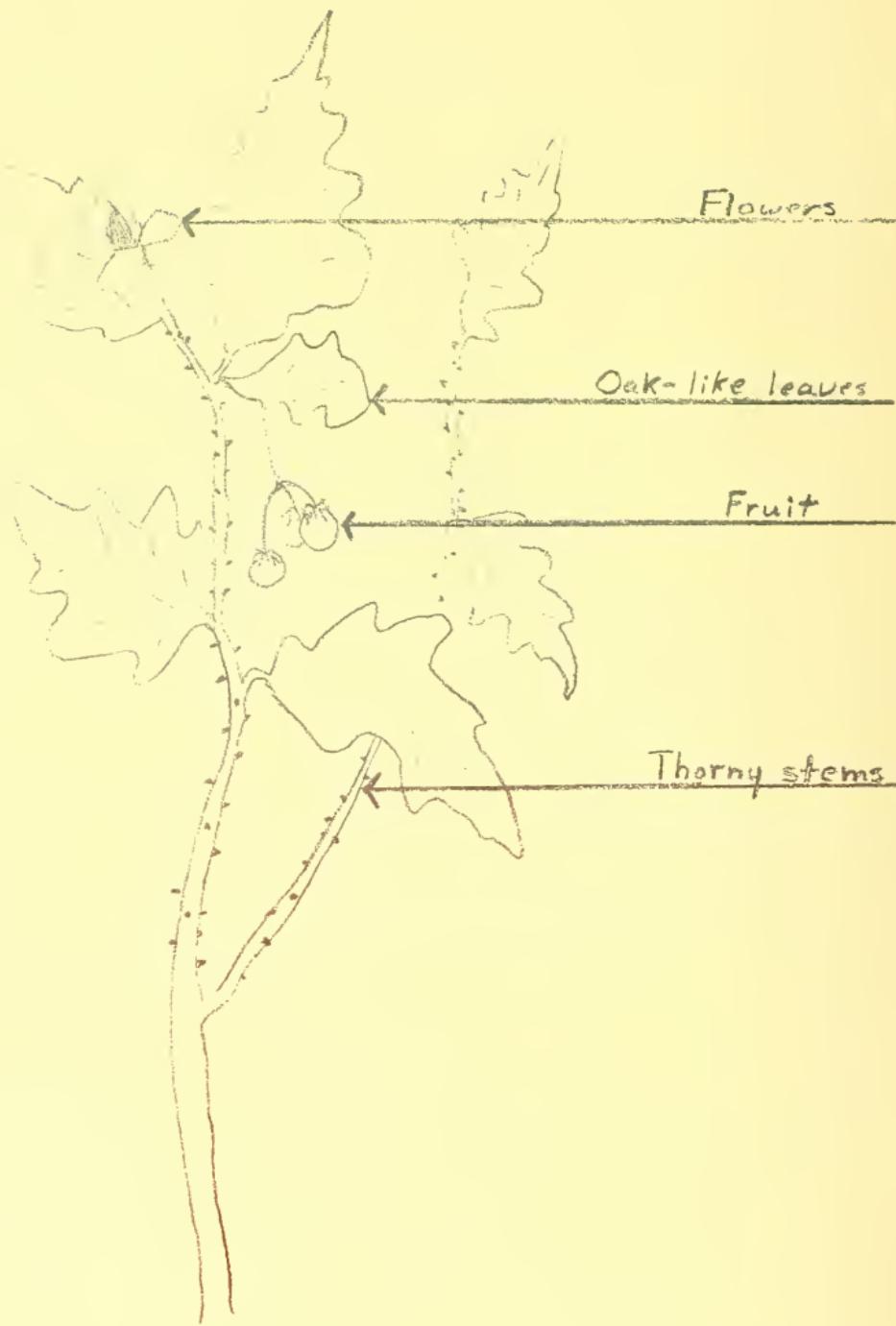
*Ray D. Blew*



## *Muted Sermon*

*Call it a good Sunday  
When gusts of great grandiloquence  
Rise and fall distantly  
Out of the village chapel,  
And from my pew on the hillside  
I hear just enough of eloquence  
To teach me what there is to know of God.*

*Arthur Collins*



# BEWARE THIS WEED!

BY VEDGEY GARDENEER

The Horsenettle has shared many nicknames like Apple of Sodom, Wild Tomato and Sand Brier to mention just a few. Granted 1973 brought us substantial catastrophes. Horsenettle, too, jumped on the bandwagon; and when no one was looking. Vegetable growers in Southern New Jersey were baffled in the 1973 season; at every level right on up to researchers and processors.

Horsenettle is a weed that grows about two feet high producing clusters of 3 to 4 green to yellow berries  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter (about the same size as lima and fordhook type beans. These berries when eaten are poisonous.

Horsenettle enjoys home-sweet-home in the well drained, friable, sandy soils that prevail in Southern New Jersey. It reproduces by seeds. It also reproduces from root cuttings less than 1" long and as deep as 12" in the soil.

When beans are to be harvested by combine or viner, they, and all the weeds in the row with them, are cut and thrown into windrows. Everything is picked up and thrashed by the viners. Anything resembling the dimensions of the bean is retained and hauled to the processor's plant. Since the berries are a similar size to the bean, they cannot be separated by mechanical sieve shakers; nor by hand, because they cannot be singled out well by the human eye.

Perhaps I can site a few possible reasons why Horsenettle became a problem in 1973 (It wasn't so before).

1. *Reduced tillage.* Minimum tillage has been the current trend. Benefits of minimum tillage are less compaction, reduced wear and tear on machinery and high moisture retention by the soil. Average number of cultivations are down in New Jersey.\*

2. *Alternating temperatures.* Horsenettle germinates best and grows fastest in alternating temperatures as opposed to constant temperatures. Great diversities in temperature were characteristic of 1973.

3. *Reduced herbicide applications.* Because of diminishing supplies and ever growing costs, concentrations and/or applica-

\*Speculation

tions may have been cut back by the grower.

4. *A late Fall 1972.* The 1972 season remained warm and sunny well into November. Weeds not controlled had an excellent opportunity to produce an abundant crop of seed.

There are two known herbicides to control Horsenettle. They are Paraquat and Banvel. Neither had been cleared for use on lima beans in New Jersey.

So I say "Get ready everybody!." We can't afford Horsenettle getting the best of us this year.

# COCOA INDUSTRY IN GHANA

BY NICO ADIKU  
AGRONOMY '74

*Cocoa* – A visiting blacksmith from the Gold Coast (now Ghana) to the island of Fernando Po – a former Spanish colony off the coast of West Africa, impressed by rewards of cocoa growing in Fernando Po, took a pod with him on his return to Ghana in the late 1870's. This was the beginning of cocoa farming in Ghana, the foremost world producer. Ghana offers an illustration of cocoa farming built on small holdings, while Brazil the leading grower of the Americas, provides an example of plantation agriculture.

*Cocoa Tree and Varieties* – Swedish scientist Linnaeus named the cocoa tree “Theobroma Cacao” meaning “Food of the Gods.” Botanically Theobroma Cacao is indigenous to the equatorial Americas, originally flourishing in the lowland forests of the Amazon-Orinoco basin.

Cocoa can be classified into three or four varieties having distinguishable characteristics: Criollo, Forastero, Nacional, Calabacillo. The Forastero groups include Amelados or Amazonian Forastero. This is the most widely cultivated in the world.

*Pests and Diseases* – The most prevalent cocoa disease is the black pod “Phytophthora Palmivora.” It blackens the entire fruit and leaves and spreads rapidly. The most damaging is the “Swollen Shoot” or dreaded virus. The only effective control is cutting down the tree. Another disease, less damaging, is the fungus “Witches’ broom.” Cabsid bug is also damaging. All enemies except swollen shoot are controlled by careful spraying.

*Soil and Climate Needs* – Cocoa requires a warm, humid atmosphere, well distributed rainfall, and heavy, well drained soil. Adequate shade is needed to keep soil from drying out. For the most part the desired temperatures are found within latitudes 10 and 15 degrees of the equator.

The cocoa plants are grown from seeds sown directly in the field or the farmer may transplant the hardiest of the nursery seedlings. First picking is between five and ten years depending on the variety.

*A farmer shows his children healthy pods on a cocoa tree which he planted some years ago.*



*Cocoa trees are sprayed with protective insecticides.*



*Breaking of cocoa pods on a typical farm. After the beans are removed from the pod, they are covered with leaves and allowed to ferment for several days.*



*Preparation for the Market* — Cocoa beans must be freed from the firmly adhering pulp which encases them. Separation is accomplished in the curing process. Once cured, cocoa beans need to be dried. Sun drying is the most direct effective method.

*Marketing* — In Ghana, all cocoa is purchased by Ghana Agricultural Produce Marketing Board. It is the board alone or its subsidiary, the Cocoa Marketing Company, Ltd., which can sell Ghana's cocoa to the world.



## *Founder's Day 1974*

*Of all the days I could have lived to see  
The vital pages of the Rabbi's life  
Once more reviewed with such alacrity  
Now capsulized in blood by Blood himself,*

*It is today. The silent pause accords  
To keep our recent Chairman of Trustees,  
Whose quiet, calculating ways with words  
Traverse again my mental faculties.*

*Students, Friends, and Board, sans Chancellor,  
And faculty in mortar cap and gown  
Hear Glee Club's chaunticlettes and chaunticleers  
Sing "Alma Mater" with a skillful sound —*

*Say! DVC has rightful claim to fame  
If any judge of pageantry I am.*

*Richard C. Ziemer*



# A Question of Nature

BY STEPHANIE SCHUCHER

Father, do you know what I saw today? It was the most intriguing display I have ever seen. I thought perhaps it was a film of science fiction, but it was ever so real.

It all started when this young person — a man was skipping down the road. He was whistling all the while. And he seemed quite happy. He was smiling so much. I had not seen a man so happy since I saw Mr. Bircher cheer when Dr. Luther died. This lad was so sprite, Father. Perhaps his love had said yes — who knows? But I felt happy when I saw him.

An auto passed him in the opposite direction and he waved as it sped by. In the distance I saw the car turn around and come toward the boy. He stepped off the road when the car neared him. After the car passed him, it stopped and two males came out. Conversation started but it was of a language that I did not know. I saw fear in the lad's face and he started to run away. One of the men grabbed the boy while the other kicked and beat him. I thought maybe they were hungry and were going to eat the lad for supper, but I knew humans weren't usually cannibals. Father I could not understand. The boy was crying out and it seemed like he was in a lot of pain. Oh, Father I so much wanted to help, but I was afraid for my own life. Is that bad? I hope not. Soon the blood flowed from his mouth, nose and everywhere. They were throwing him around and it seemed like he had no bones. They were all broken. When they were done, they left him there, choking on his own blood. I cried father, for it seemed so useless to waste a life. For what? I really didn't know. I went over to the boy. He looked at me and asked me why. That was the only word I could understand. Why!? He didn't even know why he was hurt.

Several cars drove by and all the people rubbernecked but no one stopped. Children pointed and mothers gaped, but not a single person stopped to help. Oh father, I wanted to help. I tried to think of what I could do so I stayed with him until he died. Why are people like that? I tried to help. But Father, what can a raccoon do?



— *Sonnet to Spring* —

O blade of grass, that comes from out the ground,  
What makes thee grow? It must be some profound  
Thing, hidden from our eyes, that creeps upon  
The lengthening days of spring, entices out  
The shoots from their cold beds of dark repose —  
Tender young things, so newly formed and green!  
Soon thou wilt form a carpet soft and lush,  
Upon which birds will walk in search of seeds,  
And flowers will sprout up between the leaves  
To decorate the earth anew with colors  
Of every shade and hue. And showers from the  
Firmament will come to nourish Nature's  
Garden, to moisten winter's frozen sod —  
This miracle that only comes from God.

*J. Standing*

# A Good Resting Place

BY EDWARD O'BRIEN, JR.

*"... like some green laurel  
Rooted in one dear perpetual place."*  
—W.B. Yeats

He tried to remember the big house as he had known it ten or twelve years before, when he was an occasional visitor to its enduring charms. And all this time he had not seen it, but the house and its people and animals and plants had remained to him a vision of what could be, or should be, on a man's path through life. A few times every year, was it? yes, he had gone there, at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, in the spring perhaps or in the summer, because once he had helped the family on a publication of theirs, and thus on certain days he was invited back to the two-century-old stone house way up in Montgomery County, near Green Lane.

The owner named his house and twenty-seven acres "Bom Retiro," which in Portuguese means a good resting place, because the man had once lived in the Mato Grosso of Brazil, where he had won a name by spearing the spotted jaguar along the Rio Sao Lourenco. His name was Sasha and he held forth in his place, and it was a good place indeed to be at any time but especially in the autumn of the year, say at Thanksgiving, and that year of sixty-four it was a warm, wettish day in November, when he arrived by the stone barn with its four horses within, and he looked around at the pasture and the encircling cedar woods and at the meadow beyond the side of the house. No other house or property could be seen. The renowned hunter, Sasha, was not at home then, he could not remember now, perhaps he was in South America, but he recalled the fine dinner he ate that day with the family and guests in the large dining-room with the walk-in fireplace of black iron. Books on many subjects seemed to fill one wall, and there were two large dogs and one small green parrot in the room. And he sat at the table eating the turkey and wild rice, using the fine old silverware and drinking the pale yellow wine from the crystal glasses. The precise nature of the talk that had gone round the board on that warm wet afternoon escaped his

memory (as it no doubt should), but other impressions remained. An oval portrait hung on a wall—of some lady? that too had faded—and he remembered seeing through the window to the quiet meadow of weeds and wild flowers. And perhaps it had come to him then that here was a way of life that was good. A vision of a more spacious life; a higher life, or at least a situation that helped to make better living possible. Yet here were no servants, no glitter, the house was actually somewhat dusty within—neither shabbiness nor splendor but comfort; a house roomy, old, peaceful, surrounded by its own secluded provinces, and therefore of course very charming and soothing to the human spirit. Here people had lived for two hundred years; had put on clothing and taken off clothing, had opened and closed doors and books, and set tables and cleared them, and planted gardens and fed animals and gotten up on horses and come down from them.

After dinner, when some of the others sat by the fireplace, he had gone for a walk in the meadow and thought of the garden that grew, or could have grown, the summer before behind the stone house. Walking slowly, putting behind the hour of food and drink and conversation, he thought of the partly imaginary garden, of the blaze of portulaca and nasturtium, of amaryllis and canna, of wisteria hanging in blue grace, of clematis clinging, of leaning hollyhock; of the red raspberries and black currants, and two plum trees and one large green fragrant black-walnut tree, with the crows cawing in the late afternoon November solitude.

THE END



## *Spring*

*Eve sleeps beneath the trees,  
And a full day May  
Be green above, and leak mint dreams  
To her sleeping body below;  
No red riots of leaf yet Fall  
To break her peace.*

*Arthur Collins*

To step the high side of obscurity  
And be back by 13  
No shattered mirrors, witchcraft  
or voo doo  
I may have known I knew  
something I'm sure

Entered and active at 13 + 2  
With a visible audience now  
I wish eyes could at least  
eat for some people

Don't be content with content  
Or you'll never know the difference  
And all else is unnecessary knowledge

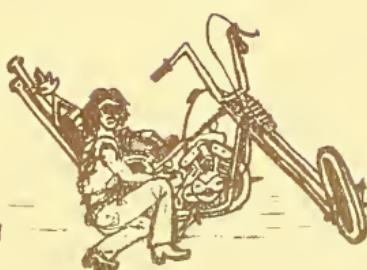
A light breaks the shadow  
Hail 13 + 4  
But the light seemed to be  
causing thermal pollution  
Became creative and passed into  
the dark arts  
Interestingly hollow

13 + 7  
Numbers are less abstract than  
words nowadays  
Straight and Narrow and Death  
Didn't seem to mix  
Stayed with the latter  
But lately I've considered being  
reborn  
This service is also available to you

13 + 9 =  $\frac{1}{2}$  or more  
0 + 0 = 1 for such a long time  
Everything + 1 = Everything Eventually

Roads are relevant in search of  
the destination, but too often  
Directions are not available  
There is no energy crisis

February '74  
Bob Palazzi



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